

THE CINCINNATI ENQUIRER

WEDNESDAY, JULY 1, 1903. CINCINNATI, OHIO.

the way down the long vista of the centuries there is none that makes a more important event than that which bears the declaration of our independence. The "divine right of kings" had been the creed that the world had preached with fire and sword for centuries, but from the mountains and valleys of the New World, from humble cabins in the wilderness, from the shores of the inland seas and the banks of mighty rivers the annals of a people who had learned the doctrine of freedom from nature herself ascended, when those brave patriots, our forefathers, made that memorable declaration which caused tyrants to tremble upon their thrones and oppression to grow pale under its gaudy trappings of robe and crown.

The doom of kingcraft and priestcraft was then and there pronounced, and in the clear light of the new day, high and holy truths were revealed that had long been hidden under the dust of superstition and error. Democracy had been born, the freedom of the human mind, the freedom of the press, the freedom of the ballot, and the freedom of the people, the freedom of the world has ever been.

The struggle to free ourselves from the grasp of tyranny was bitter and long continued, and there were times when it seemed hopeless. The young nation, weak in numbers and resources, was confronted by an enemy whose wealth was inexhaustible and whose military strength was enormous, and, had not God been with the brave men whose watchword was "Liberty," their cause would have been lost.

The principles they asserted their posterity has proven, and upon every anniversary of our nation's birth the loyal hearts of the people renew their pledge of faith to our national institutions.

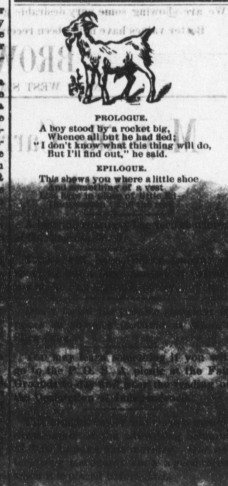
Our flag has waved over many a bloody and hard-fought field since the declaration of independence and a thrill through all Europe; but the wounds are healed, the graves are hidden with flowers, and peace, mild and beautiful, broods over the land, and plenty pours from her horn the fruits of honest toil, sufficient not only to feed our own people, but to feed the world.



Flag of the free heart's hope and home! By angel hands to valor given;
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome, And all thy hues were born in heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet! Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet, And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us!

PROLOGUE.
A boy stood by a rocket fire,
Whence would he had but said,
"I don't know what this thing will do,
But I'll end it," he said.

EPILOGUE.
The sheet you where a little shoe
And a little shoe, and a little shoe,
And a little shoe, and a little shoe,
And a little shoe, and a little shoe,



HISTORY OF A NOVEL BADGE.

Origin of the Celebrated 6-15-22 of Mayville Commandery.

And, O, in 1877, it was unknown beyond the borders of Kentucky—and indeed it had not risen to sufficient importance here to excite more than ordinary mention. The membership was small, but among the number were some, as noble fellows as ever lived—generous, whole-souled and courtly.

Five of these—Horsea January, Frank S. Owens, Eugene A. Robinson, Samuel S. Riley and Thomas H. Mann—resolved on a pilgrimage to Cleveland, and as Mayville never does anything in a haphazard way, so these devoted Templars determined to do in becoming style, and go they did, without reckoning the cost. They employed Hancock's celebrated Brass and Reed Band, composed of fifteen pieces.

One of the accessories was a haggard man, who filled the dual position of driver and attendant. This was the celebrated "Old" Hancock, who, under the name of "Old" Hancock, had been in advance—a supply that was not at all in proportion to the guests that called to welcome the big-hearted Kentuckians.

It was the second night after the arrival in Cleveland that an incident occurred which has given Mayville Commandery a fame that has reached to the farthest parts of the land.

Seated in the headquarters room were half a dozen gentlemen, among them Jolly George B. Ellard of Cincinnati and the writer, who accompanied the "boys" for the purpose of writing up the trip—advising as much fun as could be gotten out of it.

Mr. Ellard, who is a very modest gentleman, as all Cincinnatians are, and who brought with him from the "old sod" a sufficient tin of brogue to make his wit enjoyable, opened his question-box by the check-book combination.

"How many members came with you?" he asked of one of the number.

"Five," was the response.

"And you brought a band of music with you?" queried Ellard as his eyes assumed the shape of a Haviland saucer.

"Yes, a band of fifteen pieces," was the answer from two or three at once.

Then George's eyes fell upon the man who was sitting next to him.

HOW HE WAS IMPOSED UPON.

Colonel John L. Scott of Frankfort Rejoins an Ungrateful Wretch.

"Tailor" tells in *The Louisville Times* how Colonel John L. Scott, formerly of this city, was imposed upon, as follows:

The kind-heartedness of the people of Frankfort is proverbial. They admire genius, and the poet, musician or artist who has achieved a name, and they are generous to the point of weakness.

In anticipation of the coming pilgrimage to Denver, Colonel Frank S. Owens has designed, and the Commandery has adopted, a solid silver badge commemorative of the foregoing incident, a representation of which is placed at the heading of this article.

This Coroner's jury is trying to get at the responsibility for the bridge disaster at Newport. The men who were at work on the bridge have now all been accounted for, and the list of dead numbers twenty-five. Twelve others were injured, and four escaped unhurt. An examination will be made of the piles on which the bridge was raised, in order to see whether the accident resulted from the piles being improperly driven.

Following is an extract from a speech of Roscoe Conkling: Upon its record had its candidate, the Republican party asks the country's approval, and stands ready to avail its purpose for the future. It proposes to rebuild our commercial marine, driven from the sea by Confederate cruisers, aided and abetted by foreign hostility. It proposes to foster labor, industry and enterprise. It proposes to stand for education, humanity and progress. It proposes to administer the government honestly, to preserve unity with all the world, observing our own obligations with others, and seeing that others observe theirs with us; to protect every citizen, of whatever birth or color; in his rights and equality before the law, including his right to vote and to be counted; to uphold the public credit and the sanctity of engagements; and by doing these things the Republican party proposes to assure industry, humanity and civilization in America the amplest welcome and the safest home.

He was so thoroughly in earnest that he said "Egad!" several times during his discourse, and when Mr. Hicks said "Egad!" he meant it. After considerable discussion it was decided that while his wife spent the Fourth in the city with her sister he would bid him to the shady fastnesses of Shagbark country and peacefully fish the day away.

The journey thither, which began at 7 a. m., was an entirely uneventful one, except for a slight eruption resulting upon his compliance with the request of a tall, gaunt woman that he hold her baby while she produced a cup of tea at the lunch counter at Calumet Junction. Mr. Hicks reads the newspapers. He also thinks. And when he saw from the car window the tall, gaunt woman rush out of the door at the opposite side of the lunch room and just manage to swing on to the tail end of the west-bound train which had stood on the other track, he realized how he had been duped.

The sight of a blushing, wild-eyed man jumping about like a teardrop on a hot skillet and holding a young and a baby which sang was none in the Shagbark language moved Hicks' fellow passengers to indulge in loud and raucous horse-laughing. They also reminded him in one voice that the game was older than the hills and that snakes were plentiful that year. In frenzy,



A MODERN REQUEST.

Hicks was about to cast the young Apollon out of the window and dive head first when the train began to back. He was accompanied with a telephone operator, who was sitting at the end of the car. Hicks' attention was attracted by the sight of a young man, who was sitting at the end of the car, looking out of the window. Hicks' attention was attracted by the sight of a young man, who was sitting at the end of the car, looking out of the window.

is tottering to its fall, that Norway and Sweden, Germany, Italy and even Imperial Russia are striving to break the bonds of their despotism and become free. The United States, France, and even the superstitious ridden tropical republics of Central and South America uphold the standard of freedom, and when the clouds of darkness are lifted, and the people of humanity that is crushed under the iron heel of despotism catches a glimpse of the secret hand behind their hearts thrill with new hope.

There is a point where evolution in government becomes revolution. We reached it one hundred and sixteen years ago. Europe may reach it in our own time, but among all the future republics of the earth our own will forever be prominent, for it was planted in the virgin soil of a new continent and has been guarded by a people to whom patriotism is a religion, whose all creeds and loyalty are embodied in the stars and stripes.

Leo V. CARTER.

THE PRESIDENT has designated Major General John M. Schofield Acting Secretary of War during the temporary absence of Secretary Elkins and Assistant Secretary Grant from the city.

AFTER the festivities of the day you will want to know where to get the best bargains in any line of goods you may need. If you will only consult the advertising columns of this patriotic impression of THE LEADER, you will make no mistake.

At Eight and a Half.

Mr. and Mrs. William Bell of Cracker's Neck gave a delightful five-o'clock Friday evening in honor of Dr. H. K. Adamson and wife. There were several invited guests, and all pronounced it one of the most enjoyable social events of the season.

A Pretty Woman.

A pretty woman, one of all have clearly cut, regular features. She must have small, clear eyes. She must have a skin that is above reproach, untouched by rouge or powder. She must have glossy hair that has never known the touch of bleach or dye. She must have a good figure, plump enough, yet slender enough, though never suggestive of an angel.

She must have a white, expressive hand, preferably a small one, but not a necessity, if it is well kept and white. She must have small ears and a throat that is a lovely color for her head. She must know how to put on her clothes, or the loveliest half her beauty. She must fully understand what best suits her in the way of hair dressing, and cling closely to it.

A woman may have all these attractions, and still her own personality is charming, unless she has tact, it dawns on you after you have seen her once or twice that she is not a pretty woman, but a pretty doll.

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